SHEPHERDS

Hunting:

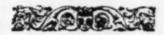
Being,

CERTAINE EGLOGS

written during the time of the Authors Imprisonment in the Marshalley.

Br

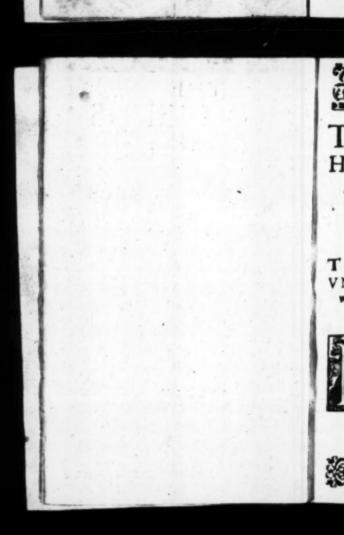
GEORGE VVITHER,



LONDON:

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM for George Norton, and are to be fold at the figne of the red-Bull, neere Temple-barre, 1615.

PATO CHAIL





TO THOSE HONOVRED, NO.

BLE, AND RIGHT

Vertuous Friends, my Visitants in the Marshaller:

AND.

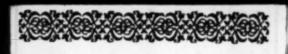
TO ALL OTHER, MY VNKNOWNE FAVOVRITES, who eyther piuately, or publiquely withed me well in my impriforment.



Oble Friends: you whose vertues made me first in lone with Vertue: and whose worths, made mee be thought worthy of your loues. I have now at last (you see) by Gods

A 3 assistance





assistance and your encouragement, runne through the Purgatory of imprisonment: and by the worthy fanour of a inst Paince, fand free againe, without the least touch of desected base-nesse. Seeing therefore I was growne beyond my Hope so fortunate, (after acknowledgement of my Creators lone, together with the unequally Clemency of so gracious a Soneraigne) I was troubled to thinke by what meanes I might expresse my thankfulnesse to so many well-deserving friends: No way t found to my desire; meyther yet abilitie to performe when I found it. But at length considering with my selfe what you were, (that is) such, who fanour honessie for no second reason but because you your selness are good; and ayme at no other

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reward but the witnesse of a sound conscience that you doe well, I found that thankfulnesse would prove the acceptablest present to suite with your dispositions; and that I smagined could be no way better expressed then in manifesting your courtesses, and giving consent to your reasonable demands. For the first, I confesse (with thankes to the disposer of all things, and a true grateful heart towards you,) so wany were the unexpected visitations and unhoped kindnesses received both from some among you of my Acquaintance, and many other vaknowne well-trillers of my Cause, that I was perswaded to entertaine a much better conceit of the Time then I lately conceived, and assured my selfe that

14

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A CONTROL PROPERTY OF THE PROP

V Z R T V E bad farre more followers then I supposed.

Somewhat is disturbed mee to behold our ages

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Somewhat it disturbed mee to behold our ages Fanourites, whilf they frowned on my honest enterprises, to take vuto their protections the egregiousts fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was respected by so many of You,

amongst whom there are some, who can and may as much dissesseme these, as they neglect me:

nor could I feare their malice or contempt, whilf I enioped your fanours, who (bowfo-ener you are under-valued by fooles for a time) fall leave unto your posteritie so noble a me-

mory, that your names shall be reservenced by Kings, when many of these who now flourish with



a shew of vsurped Greatnesse, shall exister weara out of beeing, or disposled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloved Mistersse the World. Your Love is it that (enabling mee with patience to endure what is already past) bath made mee (also) careful better to prepare my selfe for all future mistaducutures, by bringing to my consideration, what the passion, of my inst discontenuments had almost quite banished from my remembrance.

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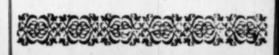
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Further, to declare my thankefulne se, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any services of lone, which you shall thinke sit (though I want abilitie to performe great mat-

ters)





beene contented to give way to the printing of these Eglogues, which thought to many seeme a sleight matter, yet being well considered of, may prove a strong argument of my readinesse to give you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preserved with lesse respect, gave sufficient evidence that I meant (rather then any way to deceive your trust) to give the world occasion of calling my discretion in question, as I now assure my selfe This will: and the sooner, because such a what Inventions, as would have beene frustrated though I had employed

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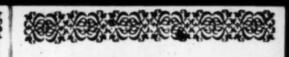
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the vermost and very best of my endenours.
Notwethstanding, for your lakes, I have here a

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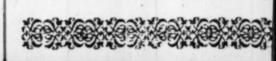
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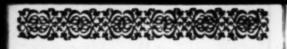
Notwithstanding, for your sakes, I have here adnentured once againe so make tryall of the worlds censures: and what bath received beeing, from your Loues, I here rededicated to your Worths, which if your noble dispositions will lake well of: Or if you will but reasonably respect what your

felues drew mee vuto, I shall be nothing despleafed at others cauils, but resting my selfe consented with your good opinions, scorne all the rabble of uncharitable detractors: For none I know well maligne it except those, who eyther particularly

malice my person, or prosesse themselves enemies to my former Bookes; who (swing those that were incensed en others speeches) as divers of you (ac-

cording





cording to your protestations) bane observed, are either open enemies of our Church; men notorionsly guilty of some particular Abuses sherein taxt, such malicious Crittickes who have the repute of being inducious, by detracting from others; or at best such Guls, as never approve any thing good, or learned, but eyther that which their shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeede rather) they understand not.

Trust me, how ill soener it bath beene rewarded, my loue to my Country is inviolate: my thankefulmesse to you vusayned, my endauour to doe encry mangood; all my ayme content with bonessie: and this my paines (if it may be so tearmed) more

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to anoid idlenes, then for affect ation of praise: and if norwithstanding all this, I must yet, not onet rest my self-end one of the support one of the support of the support one of my self-end with strict imprisonment (to the imparising of my state, and binderance of my sortunes) but also be constrained to see my guiltlesse lines, suffer the despites of all tongues: yet for my surther encouragement, let mee entreat the continuance of your first respect, wherein I shall sinde that comfort as will be sufficient to make mee set light and so much contemne all the malice of my adversaries that ready to burst with the venome of their own hearts, they shall see

My Minde enamoured on faire Vertues light Accends the limits of their bleared fight,

An

STATE TO STATE OF THE STATE OF

And plac'd about their Enny, doth contemne, Nay, fir and laugh at their disdaine and them.

But Nobic Friends, I make question neyther of yours, nor any bonest mans respect, and therefore will no surther vege it, nor trouble your pattences onely this sle say, that you may not thinke me too well conceited of my selfe, though the Time were to blame in ill requising my bonest endealours, which in the eyes of the world deserved wetter, yet somewhat I am assured there was in nee worthy that punishment which when God shall sine mee grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be sitting for so much merit as my labours may justly challenge. Means

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while, the better to hold my selfe in esteeme with you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue, 1 will study to amend my selfe, that I may be yet more worthy to be called

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Your Friend,

GEO. WYTHER.

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And Hall Tru Info

The first Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

WILLY teames his Flocke a while, Visites ROGET in excles, Where though prison 4, he doth finde Hessiell free that s free in Minde: And in trouble no defence Is so firme as Innocence.

ROCET. WILLY.

With, thou now full ioly tun'll thy Reedes,
Making the Nimples enamous don thy flraines,
And whillt thy harmelette Flocke valcared feedes,
Half the contentment, of Hills. Groves, and Plaines:
Trust me, I say thou and thy Muse so speedes
In such an Age, where so much mischiete raignes:
And to my Care it some redresse will be,
Fortune hath so much grace, to smile on thee.

T

WILLY.

To finile on me? I nere yet knew her fmile, Vnletle 'twere when the purpos'd to deceive me : Many a Trayne, and many a painted wile She casts, in hope of Freedome to bereaue me : Yet now, because the sees I scorne her guile To fawne on fooles, the for my Maje doth leave me, And here of late, her wonted fire doth tend, To worke me care, by frowning on my friend,

ROGET.

Why then I fee her Copper-coyne's no starling, Twill not be currant (till, for all the guilding, A Knane, or Foole must ever be her Darling: For they have mindes to all occasions yeelding : If we get any thing by all our parling It leemes an Apple, but it proues a weilding: But let that paffe; fweet Shepheard tell me this, For what beloved friend thy forrow w.

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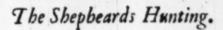
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WILLY.

Wrong me not Roger: do'il thou fuffer heere, And aske me for what friend it is I greeue? Can I suppose thy loue to me is deere, Or this thy ior for my contest beleeve: When thou think'll thy cares touch not me as neere. Or that I pinne thy ferrowes at my Recue ? Roger, my faith in thee bath had that truft. I never thought to finde thee lo vniuft.

eme.

rong

ROGET.

Why Willy? WILLY: Prethee do not aske me why. Doth it diminish any of thy care, That I in freedome maken melody, And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare From my delight, to mone thy miferie! Tis time our Lones should these suspects forbeare : Thou are that friend; which thou vnnam'd fhould'ft

And not have drawn my love in quettion fo. (know,

Forgiue

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ROGET.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy mistake,
And so shall this thy gentle-anger cease,
(I never of thy love will question make)
Whilit that the number of our dayes encrease,
Yet to my seise, I much might seeme to take,
And something neere vnto presumption prease:
To thinke me worthy love from such a sport,
But that I know thy kindnesse, past my merit.

Besides; me thought thou spak'st now of a friend,
That seem'd more grieuous discontents to beare,
Some things I finde that doe in shew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,
And they e're long I hope will have an end,
Or though they have not, much I doe not care:
So this it was made me that question move,
And not suspect of honest willier love.

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WILLY.

Alas, thou are exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the Defarts here confined,
Half nothing to converte with but a Racke,
Or at least Out-lawer in their Caues halfe pined,
And do it thou at thy owne inisfortune mocke,
Making thy selfe to; to thy selfevnkinde?
When heretofore we talk twe didembrace:
But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

ROGET.

Yet all that, Willy, is not worth thy forrow,
For I have March, here they would'th not believe,
From despell cares the highest iones I borrow:
If ought chaunce out this day, may make megrieve,
I'le learne to mend, or scorne it by to morrow,
This barren place yeelds somewhat to relieve:

This barren place yeelds formewhat to relieue:

For I have found sufficient to content me,

And more true blisse, then ever freedome lent me.

Alas,

3 Are



WILLY.

Are Prifons then growne places of delight?

ROGET.

Tis as the confeience of the Prisoner is,
The very Grates are able to affeight
The guilty Man, that knowes his deedes amitle,

All outward Pleasures are exiled quite, And it is nothing (of it felfe) but this:

· Abborred-loanenesse, darknesse, sadnesse, paines, Num'n-cold, sharp-hunger, scorchine thirst & chaines.

WILLY.

R O G E T.

Nothing yet to mee,

Onely my friends restraint is all my paine,
And since I truly finde my conscience free
From that my loanenesse to, I reape some gaine.

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WILLY.

Bur graunt in this no discontentment be, It doth thy wished liberty restraine, And to thy foule I thinke there's nothing nearer, For I could never heare thee prize ought dearer.

ROGET.

True, I did ever fet it at a Rate. Too deere for any Mortal's worth to buy, Tis not our greatest Shepheard's whole estate, Shall purchase from me, my least liberty, But I am subiect to the powers of Fate,

And to obey them is no flavery :

But

They may do much, but when they have done all, Onely my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that (my Willy)'tis my minde, My minde's more pretious freedome I fo weigh

A thousand wayes they may my body binde, In

In thousand the alls, but no remy minde betray,
And thence it is that I contentment finde,
And beare with Patience this my loade away:
The finding lafe, and that I'de rather bee,
Then to be Lord of all these Dormes in see.

WILLY.

Nobly refelved, and I doe ioy to hear's,
For 'tis the minde of Man indeede that's all,
There's nought to hard but a brane heart will bear's,
And guiltlesse men count great afficients small,
There's looke on Death and Torment, yet not sear't,
Because they know 'tis rising so to fail:

Treats n'ay bualt they to much power are borne, Yet he hath more that Tyranies can fcome,

ROGET.

'Tis right, but I no Tyramer endure, Nor haur! suffred ought worth name of care,

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WILLY.

What e're thou'it call't, thou may it, but I am fure, Many more pine that much lette payned are, Thy looke me thinks doth fay thy meaning's pure, And by this pall I finde what thou do'il daic: But I could never yet the reason know,

Why thou art lodged in this house of woe. ROGET.

Nor I by Pan, nor never hope to doe, But thus it pleafes lome; and I doe getle I'artly a cause that moves them there-voto. Which neither will availe me to expretle, Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe, We must not say, they doe so, that oppresse: Yet I shall ne're to footh them or the times,

Infure my felic by bearing others crimes,

WILLY. (heares, Then now thou may'll speake freely, there's none But he whom I doe hope thou do'll not doubt.

True;

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ROGET.

True; but if dores and malles have gotten eares,
And Clofet-whilperings may be spread about:
Doe not blame him that in such causes seares
What in his Passion he may blunder out:
In such a place, and such strict times as these,
Where what we speake is tooke as others please.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
I le tell thee all my story to the end,
Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy Flocke must watted be and pend,
And Night begins to must watted be and pend,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
I'le onely sing a sorrie Prisoners Lay,
I fram'd this Morne, which though it suits not fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad Thrassome yeelds,

WILLY.

Well, I will let my Kin another firing,

And play vnto it whil' it that thou do'ft fings

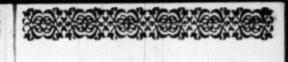
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SON NET.

ROGET.

On that my body dead-aline,

Bereau'd of comfort lies in thrall.

Doe thou my fould begin to thruse,

And conto Honey, turne this Gall:

So faull we both through outward wee,

The way to inward comfort know.

For as that Foodemy Fless I give,
Doth keepe in methic Mortall breath:
So foules on Meditations live,
And shunne thereby immortall Death:
Nor art thou ever nearer rest.
Then when thou find it me most oppress.

First thinke my soule; if I have Foes That take a pleasure in my care,

lds,

ET.

And



The Shepbear & Hunting.

And to procure the soutward wees,

Have thus entrapt me vnawares

Thou should's by much more exresult bee,
Since greater Foes lay make for thee.

Then when Mew'd up in grates of steele, Minding those ioyes mone eyes doe misse, Thou said it no Torment thou do'st teele,

So grienous as Prination is:

Mule how the damn'd in flames that glow,

Pine in the loffe of bliffether know.

Thouseest there's einen so great might
To some that are but clay as 1,
They were aneer can efficient

Their very anger can affright, Which if in any thou espie

Thus thinke of Mortall's fromnes strike feare, How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

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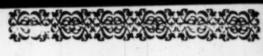
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By my late bopes that now are croft, Consider those that sirmer bee, And make the freedome I have lost, A meanes that may remember thee Had Christ not thy Redeemer bin, What horred thras thou had it beene in

These iron chaines the bolt's of steele, Which other poore offenders grinde,
The wants, and cares which they doe seele
May bring some greater thing to minde
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well,
To thing exposithe paines of Hell.

Or when through me, thou foot a Man Condemn'd ente a mortall death, How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan, Drawing with Feare his panting breath: Thinke if m that such griefe thou see, How sad will, Gue yee cuiled bee.

Againe,



Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye (Paft hope) doth (ee his Pardon brought. Reade but the joy that's in his eye, And then conserved to thy thought : There thinke between my heart and thee, How fireet will, come yee bleffed, bee.

Thus if thou doe, though closed here, My bondage I hall deemethe leffe, I nesther hall have cause to feare, Nor yet bewarle my fad diffreffe : For whether line, or pine; or dye, We hall bane blife eternaly.

WILLY.

Trust me I fee the Cage doth some Birds good, And if they doe not luffer too much wrong, Will teach them (weeter descants then the Wood:

Beleeue't, Ilike the Subject of thy Sone,

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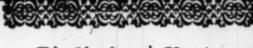
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It shewes thou art in no distempred moode, But cause to heare the residue I long : My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring, And spend the day to heare thee talke and sing.

Yet e're we part, Reget to me areed, Of who thou learn'dlt to make fuch Songs as thele, I neuer yet heard any Shepheards reede Tune in milhap, a straine that more could please, Surely thou do'ff muoke at this thy neede . Some power, that we neglect in other layes: For here's a Name, and words, that but few swaines Haue mention'd at their meting on the Plaines.

ROGET.

Indeede 'ris true; and they are fore to blame, They doe to much neglect it in their Songs, For, thence proceedethfuch a worthy fame, As is not subject vnto Enuice wrongs :





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THE SHALL HAVE A

That is the most to be respected name

Of our true Pan, whose worth sits on all tongues:

And the most suncient Shepheards wie to praise

In sacred Anthemes sung on Holy-dayes.

He that first taught his Musicke such a straine, Was that sweet Shepheard, who (vntill a King) Kept Sheepe vpon the honey missie Plaine, That is enritch't by Iordans watering; He in histroubles cas'd the bodies paines, By measures rais'd to the soules rauishing:

And his sweet numbers onely most devine,
Gaue the first being to this Song of mine.

WILLY.
Let his good spirit ever with thee dwell,
That I might heare such Musicke every day.

Thanks;

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ROGET.

Thanks; but would now it pleafed thee to play. Yet fure 'tis late thy Weather rings his Bell, And Swaines to folde, or homeward drive away.

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WILLY.

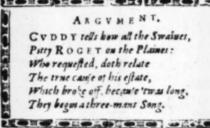
And you goes Cuddy, therefore fare thou well: I'le make his Sheepe for me a liule flay, And if thouthinke it fit I'le bring him to, Next morning hither.

ROGET. Prethee Willy doo.

FINIS.

The

The fecond Eglogue.



WILLY. CVDDY. ROGET.

Roger, thy olde triend Cuddy here and I,

Are come to vilite thee in these thy bands,

Whil'st both our Flockes in an Inclosure by

Doe picke the thinne gratse from the fallowed lands.

He tells me thy restraint of liberty

Each one throughout the Country viderstands:

And there is not a gentle-natur'd Lad,

On all these Downer but for thy sake is sad.

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CVDDY.

Northy acquaintance and thy friends alone,
Pury thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that have but scene thee for thee moane:
Yea, many that did never see thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in none;
So divers wayes doe divers rumning goe:
And at all meetings where our Shepbeards he.

Now the maine Mewes that's extant is of thee,

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the Mountainer, till the day of doome,
My name should in obscurity have slept,
In Brakes, in Briari, firabbed Furze and Broome.
Into the worlds wide care it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome:
But what cause of my setse in 28 does hey know?
Good Cuddy t. Il me how doth rumon goe.

lands.

Not

2 Faith

CVDDY.

Faith'tis uncertaine, some speake this, some that:
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what;
Comes out with Proverbes and olde assecient sawes,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse, and yet not:
Then doth he speake halfe sentences, then pawse:
That what the most would say, we may suppose,
But what to say the rumour is, none knowes.

ROGET.

Nor care I greatly, for it skills not much,
What the volteady common-people deemes,
His conscience doth not alwaies feele least touch,
That blamelette in the fight of others feemes:
My cause is honest, and because its such,
I holde it so, and not for Mens esteemes:
If they speake justly well of me, I'me glad;
If fally cuill, it ne're makes me sad.

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WILLY.

I like that minde, but Roger you are quite
Beside the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke I seare;
Thou know'st that honest Cuddies heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my selfe is neare:

Come therefore, and betwixt va two relate.
The true occasion of thy present state,

ole,

ROGET.

My friends I will; You know I am a Straine,
That kept a poore Flocke here vpon this Plaine,
Who though it feemes, I could doe nothing leffe,
Can make a Song, and woe a Shepheardeffe,
And not alone the fairest where I live,
Have heard me fing, and favours daign'd to give:
But though I say'r, the noblest Nimph of Thame,
Hath grac'd my Verse vnto my greater faine.

Yet



Yet being young, and not much feeking praife, I was not noted out for Shephewds layer, Nor feeding Flockes, yea anowne as others be: For the delight that most putfeifed me Was hunning Foxes, Woluce, and Beafts of Pray : That spoile our Foulds, and beare our Lombs asay : For this as a'fo for the loue I beare Vinto my Country, I lay'd by alleare Of eaine, or of preferment, with defire Oacly to keepe that flate I had entire, And like a true groune Hants man lought to speede My feile with Hounds of ra e and choylell breeze, Whole Names and Natures ere I further goe, Beceule you are my friends I'le let you know. My full effeemed Dogge that I did finde, Was by descent of olde Acteons kinde ; A Brache, which if I doe not ayme amitte, For all the world is suff it e one of his; She's named Lone, and fearce yer knowes her duty; Her Damme's my Lad es pretty Beagle Beauty I bred

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I bred her vp my felfe with wondrous charge, Vitill the grew to be exceeding large, And waxt fo wanton that I did abhorre it, And put her out amongst my Neighbours for it, The next is Luft, a Hound that's kept abroad, Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a Toad Is not more loathfome: 'ris a Curre will range Extreamely, and is ever full of mange, And cause it is infectious, the's not wune To come among the reft, but when they hunt, Hate is the third, a Hound both despe and long. His Sire is True, or elfe supposed arong. He'le have a foap at all that patle him by, And yet purfues his game most eagerly. VVith him goes Emue coupled, a leane Currey And the'le hold out hunt we ne're fo farre, She pineth much, and feedeth little to, Yet flands and fnarleth at the reft that doe. Then there's Renenge, a wondrous deepe-mouth'd So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog, (dog. Yet

ky;

bred

orca



Yet many times he'le much out-flrip his bounds, And hunts not closely with the other Hounds.

He'le venter on a Low in his ive : Curlt Challer was his damme, and wrong his Sure, This Choller is a Brache, that's very olde, And foends her mouth too much to have it holde : She's very teafly, an unpleasing Curre, That bites the very flones, if they but flurre: Or when that ought but her displeasure moues. She'le bite and Inap at any one the loues : But my quicke-fented'il Dogge is Tealoufie, The much of this breede's in Italy : The Damme of mine would hardly fill a Gloue, It was a Ladies little Dogge, call'd Lone: The Sire a poore deformed Curre nam'd Feare, A: fhagged and as rough as is a Beare, And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kinde, For he is very large, and ne're-hand blinde. At the first light he hath a pretty culler, But doth not feeme fo when you view him fuller.

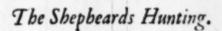
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A vile suspitious beast, his lookes are bad, And I doe feare in time he will grow mad. To him I couple Anarice, still poore, Yet the devoures as much as twenty more: A thouland Horse the in her paunch can pur, Yet whine as if the had an empty gut, And having gorg'd what might a land have found, She'le carch for more, and hide it in the ground. Ambition is a Houndas greedy full, But he for all the daintieft bits doth cull : He scornes to licke up crummes beneath the Table. He'ie tetch't from boards and fhelues if he be able. Nav, he can climbe if neede be, and for that, With him I hunethe Martine and the Cat. And yet sometimes in mounting he's so quicke, He feeches falls, are like to breake his necke. Feare is well-mouth'd, but lubiect to Difrell. A ffranger cannot make him take a cruft. A little thing will foone his courage quale, And twist his legges he euer claps his taile.

With



With him Defaire often coupled goes, Which by his roaring mouth each hunts-mun knowes. None hath a better minde vato the game. But he gives off, and alwayes feemeth lame. My bloud-hound Crnelty, as fuift as winde, Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behinde; Who but the's strapt and musled to withall, Would eate her fellowes, and the pray and all, And yet the cares not much for any food, Vnleile it be the purest harmeletle blood. All thefe are kept abroad at charge of menny, They doe not cost me in a yeare a penny. But there's two coupling of a midling fize, That feldome palle the light of my owne eyes. Hope, on whole head I've led my life to pawne. Compaffion, that on every one will faune. This would when 'twas a Whelpe with Rabets play, Or Lambs, and let them goe vnhurt away : Nay, now the is of growth, the'ie now and then, Catch you's Hee, and let her goe agen.

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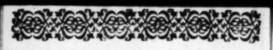
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The two last, log and Sorrow, 'tis a wonder, Can ne're agree, nor ne're bide farre afunder. love's cuer wanton, and no order knowes, She'le run at Larkes, or fland and barke at Crower. Sorreir goes by her, and ne're moves his eye, Yet both doe ferue to helpe make up the cry : Then comes behinde all thele to beare the bale, Two couple more of a larger Race, (good Such wide-mourn'd Trollegs, that twould doe you To heare their loud land Ecchoes teare the wood. There's Vanity, who by his gaudy hide, May farre away from all the rell be spide, Though huge, yet quick, for he's now here, now there, Nay, looke about you, and he's every where, And ever with the reft, and it Il in chafe : Right fo, Inconflancie fills every place, And yet to thrange a fickle natur'd Hound, Looke for him, and he's no where to be found, Weakenelle is no faire dogge vnto the eye, And yet he hath his proper quality :

The

But



But there's Presumption when he heat hath got, He drownes the Thunder, and the Canon-foot: And when at Start he his full roaring makes, The earth doth tremble, and the Heaven shakes. Thefe were my Dogges, tenne couple iust in all, Whom by the name of Sayres I doe call : Mad Curres they be and I can ne're come nigh them, But I'me in danger to be bitten by them. Much paines I tooke, and Ipent dayes not a fewe, To make them keepe together, and hunt true : Which yet I doe suppose had never bin, But that I had a Scourge to keepe them in. Now when that I this Kennell first had got, Out of my owne demeanes I hunted not, Saue on these Downes, or among yonder Rockes, After those Beafts that fpoyl'dour Parish Flockes: Nor during that time, was I cuer wont, With all my Kennell in one day to hunt : Nor had done yer, but that this other yeere, Some Beafts of Pray, that haunts the Defarts heere

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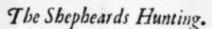




Did not alone for many nights together Devoure, sometime a Lambe, sometime a Weather, And fo disquiet many a poore mans Heard, But that of looling all they were afeard: Yea, I among the reft did fare as bad. Or rather worfe for the bell " Ewes I had, (Whole breed should be my meanes of life & gaine) Were in one Evening by these Monsters flaine: Which Mischiefe I resolved to repay, Or elfe grow desp'rate, and hunt all away, For in a fury (fuch as you shall fee Hums-men in milling of their (port will bee) I vow'd a Monster should not lurke about, In all this Prosince, but I'de finde him out, And there-voon without respect or care, How lame, how full, or how waft they were. In halt vinkennell'd all my roaring crew, Who were as mad as if my minde they knew, And e're they trayl'da flight-shot, the fierce Curres Had rows'd a Hart, and through Brakes and Furres,

Follow'd

e Did



Follow'd at gaze to clofe that Loue and Feare Gorin together, fo had furely there Quite overthrowne him, but that Hope thruff in Twist both, and fau'd the pinching of his skin, Whereby he scap't, till courfing overthware, Defferecame in, and grip'd him to the hart, Thallowed in the reldue to the fall. And for an entrance there I flesh'r them all. Which having done, I dip'd my (faffe in blood, And onward led my Thunder to the wood. Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon-My keepercalls me, and I must be gon. Goe if you please a while, attend your Flocker, And when the Summe is ouer yender Rockes, Come to this (aue againe where I will be, If that my Gardian to much favour me. But e're we part, let each one ling a straine, And then goe turne your Sheepe into the Plaine

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CVDDY, As well content am'I.

ROCET.

Then Will, Begin, and we'le the reft fupply.

SONG.

WILLY.

Shopheard would thefo Gates were ope, Thoumight it take with us thy fortune.

ROGET. No. Plemake the narrow (cope, Since my Fate doth fo importante

Meanes unto a wider hope.

CVDDY.

Would stry Shephear desse were here, Who belest d, loues thee so deerely.

ROGET.

Not for both your Flockes I weare.

And the came they yeeld you yearely, Would I so much wrong my Deare.

Tetto me, nor to this Place, Would fire now be long a fire neer,

She would holde it no digrace, (if fre foir d not more my danger)

Where I am to hew ber face.

WILLY.

Shepheard, we would wish no barmes. But something that might content thee.

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Bet

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ROGET.

Wish me then within her armes, And that wish will ne re repent me, If your wishes might prome charmes.

WILLY.

Be thy Prison ber embrace, Be thy ayre her sweetest breathing.

CVDDY.

Be thy prospell her sayre Face, For each looke a kife bequeathing, And appoint thy selfe the place.

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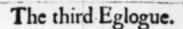
ROGET.

ROGET.

Nay pray, hold there, for I fould scantly them, Come meet you heere this afternoone agen: But fare you well, since wishes have no power, Let us depart, and keepe the pointed houre.

FINIS.

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ARGVMENT.

ROGET fet with his three friends,
Here his hunting flory ends;
Kind ALEXIS with much rath,
Wailes the hamilid Shepheards youth:
But he sughteth Fortunes slings.
And in specht of Thrasdome sings.

ROGET. CVDDT. ALEXIS. WILLY.

So now I fee y'are Shepheards of your word, Thus were you wont to promife, and to do.

CVDDY.

More then our promife is we can afford,
We come our felues, and bring another to:
Alexis whom thou know it well, is no foe
Who loves thee much, and I doe know that hee
Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

D2 ROCET.



ROGET.

Alexa you are welcome, for you know You cannot be but welcome where I am, You cuer were a friend of mine in flow:

And I have found you are indeed the fame,

Vpon my first restraint you hither came,

And proffered me more tokens of your love,

Then it were fit my small deserts should prove.

ALEXIS.

Tis still your vice to underprise your merit,
Be not so coy to take my proferred love;
Twill neither unbeseeme your worth nor spirit,
To offer curtise doth thy friend behove,
And which are so, this is a place to prove:
Then once agains I say, if came there be,

First make a tryall, if thou please, of me.

ROCET.



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ROGET.

Thankes good Alexis, fit downe by me heere, I have a taske, these Shephewds know, so doe; A Tale already told this Morne well neere. With which I very sayne would forward go, And am as willing thou shoulds heare it to:

But thou canst never understand this last,
Till I have also told thee what is past.

WILLY.

Roget it fhall not need, for I prefum'd,
Your loues to each were firme, and was so bold,
That so much on my selfe! have assum'd,
To make him know what is already told:
If I have done assiste then you may scolde.
But in my telling I prevised this,
Hee knowes not whose, nor to what end it is:

D 2 ROGET.





ROCFT.

Well now he may, for here my Tale goes on, My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon, Where beating through the Conerts every Hound A feuerall Game had in a moment found: I rated them, but they purfu'd their pray, And as it fell (by happe) tooke all one way. Then I began with quicker speed to follow, Andreaz'd them on with a more cheerfull hallow, That foone we pailed many weary miles, Tracing the lubrile game through all thefe wiles. These doubl'd, they redoubled on the sent, Still keeping in full chase where ere they went, Vp Hiller, downe (lifer, through Bog ger, and over Stretching their muficee to the highest strains (Plains, That when some Thicket hid them from mine eye, My care was rauish'd with their melody. Nor croft we onely Dirches, Hedges, Furrowes, But Hamlets, Tithings, Parifhes, and Burrowes. They followed where to eu'r the game did goe Through Kitchin, Parler, Hall, and Chambertoo,

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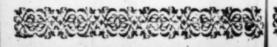
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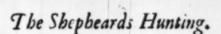
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And as they pail'd the City and the Court, My Prince look'd out, and daign'd to view my sport, Which then (although I fuffer for it now) (If some lay true) hee liking, did allow; And so much (had I had but wit to flay) I might my felfe (perhaps) have beard him fay, But I that time, as much as any daring, More for my pleasure then my lafety earing ; Seeing fresh game from every luope-hole rife, Croffing by thousands still before their eyes. After Irush'd, and following close my Hounds Some Brafles I foundlye dead, fome full of wounds Among the Willows, scarce with strength to moue One I found here, another there, whom Lone Had grip'd to death : and in the felfe-fame flate, Lav one devour'd by Emmy, one by Hate, Luft had bit fome, but I foone palt belide them, Their festered wounds so stuncke, none could abide Choller hurt divers, but Renenge kil'd more, Feare frighted all, behind him and before:

Lains.



Defragre drove on a huge and mighty heape, Forcing some downe from Rocker and Hils to leape : Some into water fome into the fire. So on themselves hee made them wreake his ire: But I remember as I pals'd that way, Where the great King and Prince of Shepheards lay, About the walles were hid fome once more knowne, That my fell Curre Ambition had o'rethrowne. Many I heard purfu'd by Pitty Cry, And oft I faw my Blond-Hound Crnelty, Eating her pallage even to the hart. Whither once gotten, shee is loath to part. All pli'd it well, and made fo loud a plea, T'was heard through Britan, and beyond the Sea; Somerated them, some storm'd, some lik'd the game, Some thoght me worthy praye, some worthy blame . But I not fearing th'one, milleeming t'other, Both, in shrill hallower and loud vernings smother: Yea, the strong mertled and my long-breath'd crew, Seeing the same encreasing in their view,

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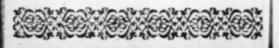
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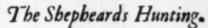
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Grew the more frolicke, and the courses length Gaue better breath, and added to their thrength; Which lone perceiving, for lone heard their cryes Rumbling amongst the Spheares concavities : He mark'd their course and courages encrease, Saving, t'were pitty luch a chafe thould ceafe; And therewith fwore their mouthes should never wast But hunt as long's mortalitic did laft. Soone did they feele the power of his great gift. And I began to finde their pacemore fwift: I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine, Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe; They never flay'd fince, neither nights nor dayes, Butto and fro Itill runne athousand wayes: Yea often to this place where now I lye, They'l wheel about to cheere me with their cry; And one day in good time will vengeance take On some offenders, for their Masters sake : For know, my Friends, my freedome in this fort For them I lole, and making my felfe fport.

WILLY.



WILLY.

Why Roger, was there any harme in this? ROCET.

No Wally, and I hope yet none there is. WILLY.

Were very eagerly purfu'd by Hate,

How comes this then ? ROCET. Note and I'le tell thee how. Thou know'il that Truth and Innecency now, If plac'd with meanenetle, fuffers more despight Then Villanies, accompan'ed with might: But thus it fell, while that my Hound purfu'd Their noylome pray, and every field lay (frew'd With Monflers, hurt and flaine mongst many a beaff, Some viler, and more lubrile then the reft. On whom the Bitch cal'd Enny, hap't to light : And as her wont is, did to furely bete, That though the left behind small outward smarts, The wounds were deepe, and wrankled to their harts. Then loyning to some other that of late

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To fitheir purpose having taken leasure, Did thus conspireto worke me a displeasure. For imitation farre supailing Apes, They layd afide their Foxe, and Woolnift fhapes, And throwded in the skinnes of harmeletle theepe Into by-waves, and open-pathes did creepe, Where they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly, Shewing their wounds to every patter by a To make them thinke that they were theepe to foil d And by my dogges in their late hunting Ipoyl'd. Belide some other that enuy'd my game, And for thei pallime kept fuch Monfters tame : As you doe know there's many for their pleafure, Keepe Foxes, Beares, and Wolves, as some great Yea, many get their living by them to, (ircafure: And fo did ffore of thefe, I speake of do, VVho seeing that my Kennell had affrighted, Or hurt fom: Vermore wherein they delighted. And finding their owne power by much too weake Their Afalice on my Innocence to wreake,

aft,

To

Swolne





Swolne with the deepest rancour of despight, Some of our greatest Shepheards soldes by night They closely entred; and there having stain'd. Their hands in villamy, of me they plain'd; Affirming, without shame or henesty, I and my Dogges had done it purposely: Whereat they storm'd, and call'd me to a tryall, Where Innocence prevails not, nor denyall, But for that canse here in this place I ly,

CVDDY.

Where none to merry as my dogges and I.

Beleeue it, here's a Tale will futen well, For Shepheards in another Age to tell.

WILLY.

And Roger shall be thought on with delight, For this hereafter many a Winters night,

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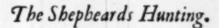
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For of this sport another Age will ring:
Yea, Nymphes vnborne now of the same shall sing,
When not a beauty on our greenes shall play
That hath not heard of Regess hunting day.

ROGET.

It may be fo, for if that gentle Swaine, Who wonnes by Tary, on the westerne plane, Would make the Sone, such life his verse can give, Then I docknow my Name might ever live.

ALEXIS.

But tell me; are our Playnes and Numphes lorgot, And can't thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

ROGET.

Can I Alexis favil thou? Can I not That am refolu'd to fcorne more nufery?

For

ALEXIS.



ALEXIS.

Oh, but thy youth's yet greene, and young bloud And therry must needs be tweet to thee, (hot, But now most tweet whil'st every bushy Tale, And Grone and Hill, rings of the Nightingale.

Methinkes when thou remembres those sweet layer, Which thou would st lead thy Shephear desire to heare Each cuening forth among the Leans sprayer, The thought of that should make thy streed oin deere; For now whil'st cuery Nimph on Holy-dayer Sports with some losy Lad, and maketh cheere, Thine sighes for thee, and mew'd up from resorts.

There's Shepheards that were many a morning wont Vnto their Boyes to leave the tender Heard, And beare thee company when thou didft hunt, Cannot their fongs thou half so gladly heard,

Will neither play her felfe, nor fee their fport.

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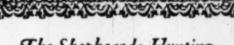
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Nor thy mist pleasure make thee thinke vpon't,
But seemes all vayne, now that was once indear'd.
It cannot be, for I could make relation,
How for lesse came thou hast been deep in passion.

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ROGET.

Tis true: my tender heart was ever yet
Ton capable of such conocits as these;
I never saw that Obiet but from it,
The Passions of my Lone, I could encrease
Those things which move not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vie of, if I please:
VVhen I am sad, to sadnesses apply,
Each Brd, and Tree, and Flower that I passe by.

So when I will be merry, I aswell .

Something for mirth from every thing can draw, From Misery, from Prison, nay from Hell, .

And as when to my minde, griefe gives a flaw,

Beff



Best comforts doe but make my woes more fell,
So when I'me bent to Mirth, from mischieses pawe
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would something cull,
That spight of care should make my injer more full.

I feele those wants Alexis thou does name,
Which spight of youth's affections I sustaine;
Orelie for what is't I have gotten fame.
And am more knowne then many an elder Smaine?
If such delires I had not learn'd to tame,
Since many pipe much better on this Plaine:
But tune your Reeder, and I will in a Song
Expressence of the prone,

SONNET.

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SONNET.

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ET.

That ere ft-while the worlds freet Ayre did dram, (Grac'd by the fayrest ener Mortall same;) Now closely pent, with walts of Ruth lesse stone, Consume my Dayes, and Nights, and all-alone.

When I was wont to fine of Shepheards loves, My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hilles, and But now (alas) so strict is my hard doome, (Gunes, Fields, Downes, Hils, Groves, & al's but one poore roome.

Fach Morne assoone as Day-light did appeare, With Natures Musicke Birdes would charme mine eare; Which now (instead) of their melodious straines, Heare rathing shackles, gynes, and boults, and chaines.

E

But



But though that all the world's delight for take me, I have a Mule and the food Mulicke make me; Whose airy Notes in fught of closest cages, Shall give content to me, and afterages.

Nor doe I passe for all this outward ill.
My heart's the same, and undesetted still;
And which is more then some in freedome winne,
I have some rest, and peace, and soy within.

And then my Minde that flight of prilon's free, When er'e fire pleafes, any where can be; Shee's in an houre in France, Roome, Turky, Spaine, In Earth, in Hell, in Heaven, and here agains.

Tet there's another comfort in my wee, My canfe is spread, and all the world doth know My fault's no more but speaking Truth and Reason; Nor Debt, nor Thest, nor Murther, Rape, nor Treason.

Nor

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Nor shall my Foes with all their Might and Power, Wipe out their shame, nor yet this Fame of our Which when they finde they shall my Fate enny, Till they grow leave, and sicke, and mad, and dy.

Then though my Body here in Prisonros, And my poore Satys's seeme a while forgot, Yet when both Fame and Life have left those men, My verse and I'le remise and line agen.

So thus enclosed, I beare affictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad;
For whil it their thoughts doe feele my scourges sting,
In bands Ilcleape, and dannes and laush, and sing.

aine,

No

ALEXIS.

Why now I fee thou di oup'st not with thy care, Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day, But dost with vinchang'd resolution beare, The heavy burthen of exile away,

E 2

All



All that did truly know thee did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereaue,
But showest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.
If that thy minde to basenesse now descends,
Thou'lt injure Vertue, and deceaue thy friends.

WILLY.

Miexit, he will injure Vertue much,
But more his friends, and most of all himselfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wracks his same upon disgraces shelfe:
Yet Roget, if thou stere but on the course,
That in thy just aduenture is begunne;
No thwarting Tide, nor aduerse blast shall force
Thy Barke without the Channels bounds to runne,
Thouare the same thou wert for ought I see,
When thou didst freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, unlesse it be

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More merrily dispos'd then thouwert wont, Still keepe thee thus, fo other men shall know, Vertue can give content in midft of woe. And he though mightime fe with frownes doth threat, To be yet Innocent is to be great,

Thriue and farewell. In this thy trouble florish.

CVDDY.

While those that wish thee ill, free, pine, and perish.

FINIS.

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To his truely beloued louing Friend, M'. VVILLIAM BROWNE, of the Inner Temple.

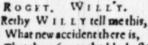
A CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

The fourth Eglogue.

ARGUMENT.

ROGET here on WILLY calls, To fing out his Pastorals: Warrants Fattle shall erace hin Rimes, Spight of Entry and the Times; And shewes how in care he wies, To take comfort from his Muses.

CICATO CICACIONO



That thou (once the blythell Lad)
Art become so wondrous (ad?

E 4

And



And so carelesse of thy quill,
As if thou had it lost thy skill.
Thou wert wont to charme thy Flockes,
And among these rudest rockes
Hast so cheer'd me with thy Song,
That I have forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely crost,
That thy old wont thou hast lost,
Tell me, Have I ought missaid?
That hath made the eilla-paid?

That hath made thee illa-paid?

Hath some Churle done thee a spight?

Dost thoumitte a Lambero night?

Frownes thy fairest Shepheards Lasse?

Or how comes this ill to paile? Is there any discontent

Worfe then this my banishment?

Willy, doth that so evill seeme
That thou nothing worse dost deeme?

Shepheard,

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Shepheard, there full many be, That will change Contents with thee. Those that choose their walkes at will. On the Valley or the Hill. Or those pleasures boatt of can Groves or fields may yeeld to man: Neuer come to know the reft Wherewithall thy minde is bleft. Many a one that oft reforts To make up the troope at sports, And in company fome while Happens to ftraine forth a fmile : Feeles more want, more outward fmare And more inward griefe of hart, Then this place can bring to thee, While thy minde remaineth free. Thou condemn'if my want of mirth, But what find'it thou in this earth, Wherein ought may be beleeu'd, Worth to make me toy'd, or grieued ?

ard.

And



And yet feele I (naithelesse)
Part of both I must confesse,
Sometime I of Mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much offorrow,
But my prefent state is such,
I'me nor loy'd, nor greened much.

ROGET.

Why hath WILL when so long?
Thus forborns his wonted song?
Wherefore doth he now let fall.
His well-tuned Passwall?
And my cares that Musicke barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the liberty I want.

WILLY.
That were very much to grant.
But doth this hold alway lad,

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Those that sing not must be sad?
Did'st thou ever that bird heare
Sing well, that sings all the yeere?
Tow the Piper doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
There's a time to sacke the string,
And a time to leave to sing.

Yea, but no man now is fill,
That can fing, or tune a quilt.
Now to chant it, were but reason,
Song and Musicke are in season,
Now in this sweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride.
The faire Lady of the May
Trim'd vp in her best array
Hath invited all the Swaines,
With the Latles of the Plaines
To attend vpon her sport
At the places of resort.

cle

orride



Corridon (with his bold Rout) Hath already beene about For the elder Shepheards dole, And ferch'd in the Summer-Pole : Whileft the reft have built a Bower, To defend them from a shower. Seil'd fo close with boughes all greene, Tytan cannot pry betweene. Now the Dayrie Wenches dreame Of their Strawberries and Creame: And each doth her felfe advance To be taken in, to dance: Euery one that knowes to ling, Firs him for his Carolling: So doe those that hope for meede, Eyther by the Pipe or Reede, And though I am kept away,

I doe heare (this very day)

For the Garlands to contend.

Many learned Groomes doe wend,

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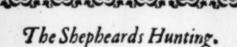
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Which a Nimph that hight Defart, (Long a stranger in this part) With her owne faire hand hath wrought A rare worke (they fay) past thought, As appeareth by the name, For the calles them Wreathes of fame, She hath fet in their due place Bu'ry flower that may grace, And among a thouland moe, V V hereof some but serve for show) She hath wove in Daphnes tree, That they may not blafted bee. Which with Time the edg'd about, Leaft the worke should rauell out. And that it might wither never, Intermixt it with Lane-ener. Thefe are to be shar'd among Those that do excell for fong: Or their passions can rehearfe, In the Smooth'st and Sweetest verse.

h

Then



Then for those among the rest,
That can play and pipe the best.
There's a Kidding with the Damme,
Afat Weather, and a Lambe.
And for those that leapen farre,
Wrastle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appointed guerdons to,
He that best the first can doe
Shall for his reward be paid,
With a Sheepe-booke, faire in-laid
With fine bone, of a strange beast,
That men bring from our the west.
For the next, a Serge of red,
Taisel'd with fine coloured thred.
There's prepared for their need,

There's prepared for their need,
That in running make most speed,
Or the cunning measures foot,
Capsofturned Maple-roote,
Whereupon the skilfull tnan

Hath ingrau'd the Lones of Pan: And the last hath for his due

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A fine Napking wrought with blew. Then my Wally why art thou Carelelle of thy merit now? VVhat doft here with a wight That is thut vp from delight, In a folitary den As not fit to live with men? Goe my Willy get thee gone, Leave me in exile alone. Hyerhee to that merry throng, And amaze them with thy Song. Thou art young, yet fuch a Lay Neuer grac'd the month of May, As (if they provoke thy skill) Thou canft fit vnto thy Quil. I with wonder heard thee ling, At our last yeeres Reuelling. Then I with the reft was free, VV hen vnknowne I noted thee : And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines, Enuy thy farre sweeter straines.

Yes

THE PROPERTY OF THE

Yes, I faw the Laffer cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one lealous were,
Any but her felfe should heare.
And I know they yet doe long
For the residue of thy song.
Hasterhee then to sing it forth,
Take the benefit of worth,
And Defert will sure bequeath
Fames faire garland for thy wreath.
Hye thee Willy, hye away.

WILLY.

Roger rather let me stay,
And be desolate with thee,
Then at those their Reach be,
Nought such is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem stir.
But what ere it be, I must
Be content, and shall I trust.

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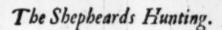
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For a long I doe not pall;
Mong'lt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I have to doe with them
That my Mulicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the lame yet favour not:
Yet I cannot well avow,
They my Carrols disallow.
But such malice I have spid,
Tis as much as if they did.

ROGET.

Willy, what may those men be Are so ill to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well effeem'd. Some without worth are so deem'd.

For

Others

Others of so base a spirit, They have nor esteeme, nor merit.

ROGET.

What's the wrong?

WILLY.

A flight offence, Wherewithall I can dispence; But hereaster for their take, To my selfe I'le musicke make.

ROGET.

What, because some Clowne offends, Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

WILLY.

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WILLY.

Honelt Roger understand me. Those that love me may command me. But thou know it I am but young, And the Pafforall I fung, Is by fome fuppos'd to be, (By a ftraine) too high for me : So they kindely let me gaine, Not my labour for my paine. Trust me, I doe wonder why They flould me my owne deny. Though I'me young, I scorne to flit, On the wings of borrowed wit. I'le make my owne feathers reare me, Whither others cannot beare the. Yet I'le keepe my skill in store, Till I've feene fome Winters more.

F2

ROGET.



ROGET. But in earnest mean'it thou so ? Then thou art not wife, I trow. Better shall aduste thee Pan. For thou dolt not rightly than: That's the ready way to blot All the credit thou half got. Rather in thy Ages prime, Get another flart of Time : And make those that so fond be. (Spight of their owne dulnelle) fee That the facred Mufes can Make a childe in yeeres, a man, It is knowne what thou canst due, For it is not long agoe, When that C V D D Y, Thou, and I Each the others skill to try. A: Saint Dunftanes charmed Well, (As some present there can tell)

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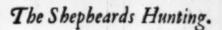
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ACOMICONALONA CONTROLLANA

Sang vpon a fudden Theame, Sitting by the Crimfon ffreame. Where, if thou didft well or no, Yet remaines the long to show. Much experience more I've had Of thy skill (thou happy Lad) And would make the world to know it; But that time will further show it: Ewiy makes their tongues now runne, More then doubt of what is done. For that needs must be thy owne, Or to be some others knowne: But how then wilt fuit vnto What thou shalt hereafter do? Or I wonder where is hee, Would with that fong part to thee : Nay, were there fo mad a Swaine, Could fuch glory fell for gaine; Phabus would not have combin'd, That gift with fo bale a mind.

ing

Neuer



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Neuer did the Nine impart
The sweet secrets of their Art
Vnto any that did scorne
We should see their fauors worne,
Therefore vnto those that say,
Where they pleas d to sing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I speake, for this I know:
Mone ere drunke the Thespian spring,
And knew how, but he did sing.
For that once infus'd in man,
Makes him shew't, doe what he can,
Nay those that doe onely sip
Or but eu'n their singers dip
In that sacred Fount (poore Elues)

Of that brood will shew themselves; Yea, in hope to get them same, They will speake though to their shame, Let those then at thee repine, That by their wits measure thine,

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Needs those Songs must be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne.
The same imputation to,
I my selfe doe vndergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
I'me abus'd, and thou hast wrong,
Who at twice ten hast sung more,
Then some will doe at four escore.
Cheere thee (hones will) then,
And begin thy song agen.

WILLY.

Faine Iwould, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine fome other Crimes,
And 'tis no fafe ventring by,
Where we fee Detrathian ly.

ds

F 4

For

For doe what I can, I doubt, She will picke some quarrell our, And I oft have heard defended, Little said, and some amended.

ROCET.

See'll thou not in cleerest dayes
Oft thick sogges cloud Heauens rayes?
And the vapours that doe breath
From the earths grotse wombe her eath,
Seeme they not with their blacke steames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vanish into aire.
Leauing it (vinblemisht) faire?
30 (niv Willy) shall it be
With Detractions breath and thee.
It shall never rife so hie,
Asto stainethy Poesie.

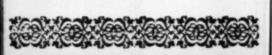
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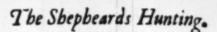


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As that Sunne doth oft exhale, Vapours from each rotten Vale, Poelie lo sometime draines. Groffe conceits from muddy braines: Milts of Enuy, fogs of Ipight, Twixt mens judgements and her light : But so much her power may doo, That the can diffolue them too. If thy verse dobravely tower, As the makes wing, the gets power. Yet the higher the doth fore, Shee's affronted still the more : Till theto the high'ft hath paft, Then the refts with fame at laft, Let nought therefore thee affright, But make forward in thy flight: For if I could match thy Rime, To the very flarres l'declime. There begin againe and flye Till I reach'd Æternity.

But



But (alas) my Mufe is flow: For thy pace the flagges too low: Yea, the more's her hapletfefate, Her short wings were clipt of late. And poore I, her fortune ruing, Am my felfe put vp a muing. But if I my Cage can rid, I'le five where I never did. And though for her fake I'me croft, Though my best hopes I have lost, And knew the would make my trouble, Ten times more then ten times double: I would love and keepe her to, Spight of all the world could doe. For though banisht from my flockes, And confin'd within theferockes, Here I walte away the light, And confume the fullen Night, She doth for my comfort flay, And keepes many cares away.

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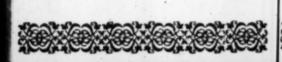
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Though I mille the flowry Fields. With those sweets the Spring-tide yeelds, Though I may notice thole Groves, Where the Shepheards chaunt their Loues, And the Laffer more excell. Then the fweet-vove'd Philomel. Though of all those pleasures past, Nothing now remaines at laft, But Remembrance (poore reliefe) That more makes, then mends my griefe: She's my minds companion still, Maugre Enuics cuill will. (Whence the should be driven to, Wer't in mortals power to do.) She doth tell me where to borrow Comfort in the mid'ft of forrow: Makes the defolatest place To her presence be a grace ; And the blackeft discontents Be her fairest ornaments.

ugh

In



In my former dayes of blitle, Her divine skill taught me this, That from every thing I faw, I could some invention draw: And raife pleafure to her height, Through the meanest obiects fight, By the murmur of a fpring. Or the least boughes rusteling. By a Dazie whole leaves fored Shut when Tytan goes to bed, Or a shady bush or tree, She could more infuse in mee, Thenall Natures beauties can, In fome other wifer man. By her helpe I allo now, Make this churlish place allow Somethings, that may fweeten gladneffe In the very gall of fadnesse. The dull loanetle, the blacke shade,

That these hanging vaults have made,

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The Strange Mulicke of the waves, Beating on these hollow Caues. This black den which Rockes emboffe, Ouer-growne with eldelt molle. The rude portals that give light, More to Terror then Delight. This my Chamber of Neglect, Wal'd about with Darefpelt, From all thefe, and this dull aire, A fit obiect for Despaire, Shee hath taught me by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore thou best earthly bliffe I will cherifh thee for this. Poefie; thou weet'll content That ere Heav'n to mortals lent. Though they as a trifle leave thee Whole dull thoughts can not conceine thee Though thou be to them a fcorne That to nought but earth are borne:

The

Let



Let my life no longer be,
Then I am in love with thee.
Though our wife ones call it madneffe,
Let me never tafte of gladneffe
If I love not thy mad'it fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou dost teach me to contemne
What makes Knamer and Fooler of them.
O high power that oft doth carry
Men above.

WILLY.

Good Reget tarry

I doe feare thou wilt be gon
Quite aboue my reach anon,
The kinde flames of Poefy
Have now borne thy thoughts so high,

That

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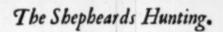
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That they vp in Heaven be
And have quite forgotten mee.
Call thy felte to minde againe
Are these Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly sheepe
And with simple heards doth keepe?

ROGET.

Thankes my Willy, I had runne
Till that Time had log d the Sunne.
If thou had it not made meltay;
But thy pardonheere I pray.
Lou'd I pollo's facred fire
Has rais'd up my spirits higher
Through the loue of Poety,
Then indeed they use to flye.
But as I said, I say still,
If that I had Willi's skill
Enuy nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leave my song:

hat

Bue



But I'de fing it cuery day Till they pin'd themselves away. Bee thou then aduis'd in this Which both just and fitting is, Finish what thou hast begunne Or at least still forward runne: Haile and Thunder ill he'le beare That a blaft of winde doth feare : And if we rds will thus afray thee, Prethee how will deeds difmay thee ? Doe not thinke fo rathe a fong Can patle through the vulgar throng, And escape without a touch, Or that they can burt it much: Frofts we fee doe nip that thing Which is forward's in the Spring:

Yet at last for all such less Somewhat of the rest it gets: And I'me sure that so mails thou, Therefore my kinde Willy now,

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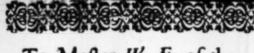
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Since thy folding time drames on And I feethou must be gon, Thee I carnettly befeech. To remember this my freech, And fome little counfell take, For thy poore friend Regers fake a And I more of this will lay. If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS

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To Master W. F. of the Middle Temple.

The fift Eglogue.

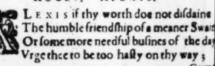
ARGVMENT.

ROGET bere ALEXIS mones. To embrace the Mufes lones ; Bids him never carefull feeme,

Of anothers disefteeme:

Since to them it may suffice, That themselves can infly prize.

> COLORODO -ROGET. ALEXIS.



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Vpon Wher Hallg



Come (gentle Shepheard) reft thee here by me, Vnder the shadow of this broad-leau'd tree : For though I feeme a stranger, yermine eye Observes in thee the markes of currelie : And if my judgement erre not, noted too More then in those that more would feeme to doe: Such vertues thy rare modelly doth hide Which by their proper lufter I cfpy'd; And though long mask's in filence they have beene I have a wifedome through that filence feene : Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue, And heard when thou half in concealement fung : Which me the bolder and more willing made Thus to invite thee to this homely thade. And though (it may be) thou couldit never fpye Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby. In thee I doe, for here my neighbouring theepe Vpon the border of these downer I keepe : Where often thou at Pastorals and playes, Half grac'd our Wakes on Sommer Holy dayes :

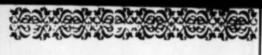
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And many a time with thee at this cold fpring Mer I to heare your learned the bheards ting. Saw them disporting in the shady groues. And in chafte Sonners wood their chafter lones . When I endued with the meaneft skill. Mongst others have beene vig'd to tune my quill. in on Where (cause but I tele cunning I had got) For ti Perhaps thou faw'il me, though thou knew'il me not Ithou Bur fir

ALFXIS.

Yes Roger, I doe know thee and thy name, Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame, Art not thou hee, that but this other yeere. Scard'it all the Wolves and Foxes in the Theere? And in a march at Foot-ball lately try'd (Hauing scarce twenty Satyres on thy fide) Held'if play : and though affailed, kept'ft thy ftand Gainst all the best-try'd Ruffians in the land ?

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Did'it thou not then in dolefull Sonners mone. When the beloved of great P.m was gone: And at the wedding of faire THAME&RHINE. Sing of their glories to thy Valentine ? know it, and I must confesse that long In onething I did doethy nature wrong : For till I marke the aime thy Saryres had, e not I thought them ouerbold and Reget mad a But fince I did more neerely on thee looke I foone perceiu'd that I had all mistooke; I faw that of a Cynicke thoumad'il flow Where fince I finde that thou wert nothing fo, And that of many thou much blame hadfl got When as thy Innocence deferu'd it not, But this too good opinion thou hall frem'd To have of me (not fo to be effectid) Prevailes not ought to flay him who doth feare Hee rather should reproofes then praises heare Tis true, I found thee plaine and honest to,

Which made me like, then love at now I doe. Dig (

aill.



And Reger though a ftranger this I fay Where I doe loue lam not coy to flay,

ROGET.

Thankes gentle Swaine that doft fo foone votolde What I to thee as gladly would have tolde And thus thy wonted curtefic exprest In kindely entertaining this request: Sure I flould ininty my owne content Or wrong thy love to fland on complement. Who half acquaintance in one word begunne As well as I could in an age have done : Or by an ouerweaning flownelle marre What thy more wifedome hath brought on to farre Then lit thou downe and Il'e my minde declare As freely, as if wee familiars were : And if thou wilt but daigne to give me care Something thou mailt fer thy more profit heare,

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ROGET.

Then know Alexin from that very day When as I faw thee at that Shephear is Coate VV here each I thinke of other tooke first noate, I meane that Paftor who by Tames larings Chaft Shepheards loues in sweetest numbers fings, And with his Mulicke (to his greater fame) Hath late made proud the fairest Nimphs of Thame. E'ne then mee thought I did elpy in thee Some unperceiu'd and hidden worth to be, Which in thy more apparant vertues fhin'd And among many I in thought deuin'd, By fomething my conceit had understood That thou were needs one of the Mules brood, That made meloue thee : And that love I beare Begat a Pitty, and that Pitry Care : Pitty

Pitty I had to fee good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to have that good reveal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excule
To polletle much and ver pur nought in vie:
Heereon I vow'd (if we two ever met)
The first request that I would firm to get
Should be burth is, that those wouldst thew thy akill,
How thou could'litume thy vertes to the qual:
And teach thy Mule in some well-trained tong,
To show the Art thou hast supposed to long:
Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine?
Reget will ever honour this dayes gaine.

ALFXIC.

Alas! my finall experience fearce can rell
So much as where those Numbers the Muses dwell,
Nor (though my five concentral travels on)
Shall I crereach to drinke of Hellicons

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Or I In ghe for found the totalte
What to old weet the ames but ouer-flow in walle,
And touch Parnafin, where it low it doth lye,
I teare my skill would hardly flagge to hye.

ROGET.

D spayre not Man, the Gods have prized noight So decrether may not be with labour bought, Nor need my paine be great since Fate and Heaven That (as a bisling) at thy birth have given.

ALEXIS.

Why fay they had?

kill.

well,

Or

ROGET.

Then vie their gifts thou must,
Or be vngretefull, and so be vniust:
For it it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hides
Then more vngratefull must be be by oddes
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

ROGET.

ROOFT.

That's true indeed, but Enuy hauntern those
Who seeking fame their hidden skill disclose:
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying:
Critickes will censure our best straines of Wit,
And purblinde I gnorance misconster it.
All which is bad, yet worse then this doth follow,
Most hate the Muses, and contemne Apollo.

ALEXIS.

So let them: why should we their hate esteeme?

Is't not enough we of our selues can deeme?

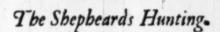
Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them

Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne;

Can we have better passime then to see

Their grosse heads may so much deceived be,

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SWEDWEST CONTRACTOR

As to allow those duings best where wholly We scotte them to their face, and flout their folly: Or to behold blacke Enuy in her prime, Die selfe-consum'd whilst we vie lives with time: And in despite of her, more same attaine Those all her malice can wipe out againe?

ng,

ROCET.

Yea but if I apply'd me to those straines,
Who should drive forth my slocks write the plaines.
Which whilst the Muses rest, and leasure crave,
Must watering, folding, and attendance have.
For if I leave with wonted care to cherish
Those tender heards: both I and they should perish

ALEXIS.

Alexis now I fee thou dost mistake, There is no meaning thou thy charge forfake;

No

Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse : But ler thele two fo of cach other borrow, That they may (cason mirth, and letten forrow. Thy flocke will helpe thy charges to defray, Thy mule to palle the long and tedious day. Or whill thou run'll facet mealures to thy Reed Thy theep to liften will more neere thee feed, The wolves will thun them, birds above thee lings And Lambkins dance about thee in a Ring; Nay which is more: in this thy low efface Thonin contentment shalt with Monarkes mate: For mighty Pan, and Ceres to vs grants Our fields and flockes shall helpe our outward wants. The Mules teach vs longs to put off cares, Grac'd with as rare and I weet conceits as theirs: And we can thinke our Laffes on the greenes As faire, or fairer, then the faireft Queenes; Or what is more then most of them shall doe, Wee'le make their infter fames laft longer to, Hauing

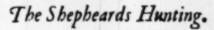
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A CONTROL OF THE STATE OF THE S

Hauing our Lines by greatest Princes grac'd
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore Alexis though that some distaine
The heavenly musicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is tro va, if they (or'e seene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other some enuy
The praises due to sacred Poesie,
Let them distaine and fret till they are weary,
We in our selues have that shall make va merry?
Volich he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Vould give his hise that he might dye a Poet,

ALEXIS.

A braue perswasion.

g

Roceti

Here thou fee'ft me pent VVirhin the lawes of strict imprisonment;

A



A furlorne Shepheard, voyd of all the meanes, Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes : Weake in my felfe. Exposed to the Hate Of those whose Enager are infatiare ? Shur from my Friends, banish'd from all delights, Nay worfe; excluded from the facted Riter. Here I doe live (mongft out-lawes marke for death) As one vafit to draw the common breath, Where those who to be good did never know Are barred from the meanes thould make them fo. I fuffer, cause I with'd my Countrey well, And what I more must beare I cannottell. I'me fure they give my body little scope, And would allow my Minde as little Hope, I walt my Meanes, which of it felfe is flender, Confume my Time (perhaps my Fortunes hinder) And many Crolles have, which those tharcan Conceaue no wrong that hurts another man Will not take note of, though if halfe fo much Should light on them, or their owne person touch, Some

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The Shepheards Hunting.

Some that themselves (I feare) must worthy thinke With all their helpes would into balenetle thripke, But fpight of Hate, and all that fpight can doe, I can be parient yet, and merry to; That flunder Mule of mine, by which my Name, Though scarce deferu'd hath gaind a little fame, Hath made me vnto fuch a Fortune borne. That all misfortunes I know how to fcorne; Yea, midft these bands can sleight the Great'st that be As much as their dildaine millemes of me: This Caue whose very presence some affrights I have oft made to Eccho forth delights. And hope to turne, if any luffice be, Both Shame and Care on those that wisht it me: For while the world ranck villanies affords, I will not spare to paint them out in words; Because I thus into these troubles runne, I knew what man could aft, e're I begun : And I'le fulfill what my Mule drawes meto, Maugre all Jayles, and Purgatories to.

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The Shepheards Hunting.

For whill it the lets me honest rask's about,

Vertie or thee 1-know will beare me out:

And if by Fate th'abused power of some,

Must in the worlds eve leave me overcome.

They shall finde one fort yet to fenc'd I trow,

It cannot seele a mortals overthrow.

This Hope and truth that great power did infuse,

That first inspir'd into my brest a Anse,

By whom I doe, and ever will contemne

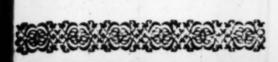
All these ill haps, my foes despisit, and them.

ALEXIS.

Thou hast to well (young Reget) plavd thy part
I am almost in love with that weet Art:
And if tome power will but inspire my long.

Alexic will not be obscured long.

ROGET.



Enou

Carry Who Let's 1

Made to They what Then to

And til Wee'le Neuer

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

Enough kinde Paftor: But oh! yonder fee
Two honest Shepheards walking hither be,
Cwry and Willy, that so dearely love,
Who are repayring vnto yonder Grove:
Let's follow them t for never braver Swaines
Made musicke to their flockes vpon these plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheep the short sweet graffe do shear,
And till the long shade of the hils appeare,
Wee'le heare them sing for though the one be yong,
Never was any that more sweetly sung.

FINIS.

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A Postscript

To the READERS.



F you have read this, and received any content, I am glad (though it be not to much as I could wish you,) if you

thinke it idle, why then I see wee are not likely to fall out; for I am iust of your mindes: yet weigh it well before you runne too farre in your censures, least this proue lesse barren of wit then

H 2

you



A Postscript

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you of courtefie. It is very true (1 know not by what chance) that I have of late beene so highly beholding to Opinion, that I wonder how I crept fo much into her fauour, and (if I did thinke it worthy the fearing,) I should be afraid that thee having fo vndeferuedly be-

friended me beyond my Hope or expefwa ctation, will, vpon as little cause, ere long, againe pick some quarrell against con me: and it may be, meanes to make vie viev Son of this, which I know must needs come of.F farre short of their expectation, who



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by their earnest desire of it seem'd to be fore-pollest with a farre better conceit then I can beleeve it proves worthy of. So much ar least I doubted, and therefore loath to deceive the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my selfe, indeed not dreaming euer to see it publithed : But now, by the ouermuch perswasion of some friends, I have beene constrayned to expose it to the generall view. VVhich feeing I have done, Somethings I defire thee to take notice

of. First, that I am Hee vyhotopleasure

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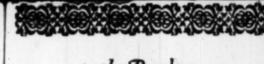
A Post/cript

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my friend, haue fram'd my selfe a content out of that which would others wife discontent me. Secondly, that I haue couered more to effect what I thinketruely honest in it selfe, then by a feeming show of Art, to catch the vaine blafts of vncertaine Opinion. This that I have here vyritten, vvas no part of my study, but onely a recreation in imprisonment: and a trifle, neyther in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to be made common; yet some, and it fhould feeme effeeming it worthy more respect



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it out, vnknowne to me, and in my abfence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Preffe; for hat if I had not hindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme had beene troubled with it. I was much blamed by some Friends for withstanding it, to whose request I should more eafily haue confented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should thereby more disparage my selfe, then content them. For I doubt I shall be supposed one of those, who out of their H 4 arrogant

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A Post/cript

arrogant desire of a little preposterous Fame, thrust into the world every vn-seasoned trisle that drops out of their vnsetled braines; whose basenesse how much I hate, those that know mee can vvitnesse, for if I vvere so affected, I might perhaps present the vvorld with as many severall Poems as I have seene yeeres; and justly make my selfe appeare to be the Author of some things that others have shamefully vsurped

and made vie of as their owne. But I will be content other men should owne

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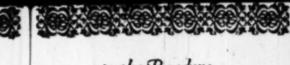
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fome of those lilues of the Braine, for I would be loth to confesse all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neyther shall any more of them, by my confent, in hast againe trouble the world, vnlesse I know which vvay to benefit it vvith letle prejudice to my owne estate. And therefore if any of those lesse serious Poems which are already disperst into my friends hands, come amongst you, let not their publication be imputed to mee, nor their lightnesse be any disparagement to what hath beene fince

more

A Post cript

more seriously written, seeing it is but such stuffe as riper judgements have in their far older yeeres beene much more

guilty of.

I know an indifferent Criticke may finde many faults as well in the fleightneffe of this prefent Subiect, as in the erring from the true nature of an Eglogue: moreouer, it altogether concernes my felfe, vyhich diuers may dislike. But neyther can be done on iust cause: The first hath beene answered already: the last might consider that I vvas there

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where my owne estate was chiefely to be looked vnto, and all the comfort I could minister vnto my selfe little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading, I shall be glad: if hee thinke his paynes ill bestow'd, let him blame himselfe for medling with that concerned him not; I neyther recommended it to him, neyther cared whether he read it or no, because I know those that vvere desirous of it, will esteeme the same as much as I expect they should.

But

A Postscript

But it is not vnlikely, some vvill thinke I have in divers places beene more wanton (as they take it) then bestiteth a Satyrist; yet their severitie I feare not, because I am assured all that I ever him yet did, was free from Obscenitie: neyther am I so Cynicall, but that I thinke a modest expression of such amorous conceits as sure with Reason, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to have feeling of the power of

Loue, were as great an argument of much stupiditie, as an ouer-sortish affe-

ation

will ction were of extreame folly. Lastly, if you thinke it hath not well answered the title of the Shepheards Hunting, goe quarrell with the Stationer, who bid himselfe God-father, and imposed the name according to his owne liking, and if you, or he, finde any other faults, pray mend them.

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Valete.

FINIS.